

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF

POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART

Fifth Series

ESTABLISHED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, 1832

CONDUCTED BY R. CHAMBERS (SECUNDUS)

No. 182.—VOL. IV.

SATURDAY, JUNE 25, 1887.

PRICE 1½d.

CHILDISH THINGS.

WHILE human nature is ready enough to follow the apostolic example, and 'put away childish things' when the age for them is past, it is as ready from time to time, if it be sound and healthy human nature, to share in the many interests of childhood, or to forget family cares and business worries in a game of romps with the little ones. This occasional return to youthful fun and frolic is such an inborn necessity in some natures, that one is sometimes inclined to call the generosity of toy-giving aunts and take-you-all-to-the-pantomime uncles not altogether disinterested. A gray-haired grandfather will go on his hands and knees to superintend the growlings and prowlings of a mechanical bear, with a face of extreme absorption, while the children for whose amusement he labours have grown tired of the toy, and are taken up with something else. Bachelor lawyers who have no juvenile excuses of their own, are known to fish desperately for invitations to join the circus-going parties of their neighbours' children; nay, in extreme cases, as many as four or even five grown-ups have gone to the pantomime under cover of one child. One reverend father in Scotland, famed as a preacher, having no children at all, yet buys unto himself stores of nursery picture-books, and will spend a whole evening in admiring discussion of Caldecott's *Queen of Hearts* or the *Jovial Huntsmen*. Which of us, indeed, in his inner consciousness, cannot confess to a sneaking enjoyment of the pleasures we ostensibly provide for our juvenile kith and kin?

Like all humane sympathies, this sympathy with the concerns of children has increased of late years. All the surroundings of child-life receive increased attention. The nursery, once the limbo of old carpets and ancient furniture, old chairs, and out-of-date engravings, is now brought into the realm of art. Stained floors, soft rugs, tiled basin-stands; wall-papers, whereon Bo-peep, Little Boy Blue, and the Four-and-twenty Blackbirds repeat themselves; pretty cups

and saucers, tablecloths with dainty coloured borders—these graces of life are all to be found in the modern nursery. And engravings of ruined castles by moonlit seas, the Four Seasons, our beloved Queen in the days of her youth, and the Prince Consort (smiling in a meaningless fashion at each other), are swept away, and their places filled by coloured pictures of child-life. Sympathy half with the children of to-day and half with those children of the past, ourselves 'as was'—a kind of self-pity when we reflect how we *would* have liked such things—such sympathies make us lavish.

Only the other day, visiting at a crowded country-house, I was lodged with many apologies in the nursery of two little girls who were away from home at the time. Full of comfortable arrangements and contrivances, it was a room not to be despised; and when I woke in the morning and looked up, lo! the roof was painted blue like the summer sky with little white clouds, and a cornice of garlands and Cupids charming to behold! I thought of the night nursery of my childhood in the attic flat of a town-house, with furniture Spartan in its simplicity. I recalled those weary hours of open-eyed wakefulness, called by nursery-maids going to sleep, and the fascination and terror of a sloping window in the roof almost above my bed, which from its position was uncurtained, and through which, in the dark winter nights, we from time to time thought we saw eyes look in. The mere suggestion was enough to make us bury our heads under the bedclothes in shuddering fear. That the window was too small to admit the burglar whom we imagined to be lurking outside it and watching us, was but small comfort—the thought that he *was* there filled us with inexpressible dread. Reason and observation have since convinced me that burglars do not habitually spend the night on steep-pitched snowy roofs, and that it was only some homeless, hungry cat whose dimly seen face, looking in, raised our childish terrors. But I have a kind of pity still for those little fluttered hearts in the old night nursery.

Among other childish things, besides nursery furniture, undergoing improvement, picture and story books must not be forgotten. The coarse, almost repulsive, little woodcuts, sometimes daubed with colour, which, intended to assist, really served to fetter our imaginings of Red Riding-Hood and Golden Hair, are things of the remote past, and nursery classics receive the most perfect illustration at the hands of skilled artists. A thousand elucidations of meaning, too, we owe to these gifted pencils and brushes. Who, for instance, knew the real facts of the case when 'the Dish ran away with the Spoon,' before Mr Caldecott explained them in a few magical strokes? We have all repeated the words of the story, thinking them a mere farrago of nonsense. We had no idea of those clandestine meetings, connived at evidently by his relatives the Plates, leading up to the rash elopement. We were quite ignorant, too, of its tragical dénouement—how he fell, and was smashed into little bits; and she, poor thing, was marched off between her hard-featured, unrelenting father the Knife, and her mother the Fork—the latter a strait-laced dame, of whose very existence we had no idea.

Who had discovered—to take another instance—what led the Cat and her kittens to the spot just at the critical moment of the Frog's wooing? Why, on that of all occasions, should they have come 'tumbling in,' to quote the brief but forcible words of the text? History was silent; but by one of those happy glosses which we feel to be an inspiration, Mr Caldecott enlightened us. The Rat, in after-dinner geniality and ease, allowed the end of his tail to hang out of the open window near which he sat. It was a fatal carelessness!

Mr Caldecott threw much light, too, on the character of that nameless and charming *She* who went into the garden—her head stuffed full of silly romances, doubtless—and cut a cabbage leaf, of all things, wherewith to make an apple-pie. When this shiftless young person came to marry the Barber, we feel sure, with an apology to Foote for differing from him, that the imprudence was on the barber's side, not hers, and indeed *She* was very well off to be wooed and married at all! Then the Garylies came to the wedding. We had very vague ideas before as to who they were—though we could conjure up the great Panjandrum; but now, when we see their friendly talkative faces, we know them at once for the very embodiments of the garrulous folk of all time.

Not in his mirthful pictures only has Mr Caldecott endeared himself to children and to all who care for childish things. As long as Mrs Ewing's beautiful stories of *Lob lie by the Fire*, *Daddy Darwin's Dovecot*, and *Jackanapes* have power to charm, so long will his illustrations of them delight us. There is a pathos he little dreamt of in his sketch of a young child coming to lay a wreath of remembrance on the grave of her who was the children's favourite story-teller. It seems doubly pathetic now that he, too, has been taken by death, and silently claims our remembrance.

M. Ernest de Chesneau, in *La Peinture Anglaise*, remarks, that from the 'honest but fierce laugh of the coarse Saxon, William Hogarth, to the delicious smile of Kate Greenaway,' there has

passed a century and a half. But in the department of nursery literature, fifty years have sufficed to effect as great a change; Mrs Ewing's genial teachings have superseded Mrs Sherwood's grim severities; and the rod of castigation so vigorously used by the author of the *Fairchild Family*, turns into a fairy wand of enchantment in the fingers of Madam Liberality. Oh, little children of fifty years ago, how you were goaded to righteousness! How narrow and strait was the way made for your feet!

One of the most deservedly popular nursery classics is a translation from the German of the well-known *Struwwelpeter*, and to a recent edition there is added an author's preface. Herr Hoffman, the author in question, tells how he came to write the book. On his little boy's birthday, his wife charged him to bring home a picture-book. He went accordingly to the bookseller's and looked over a number; but all were the same namby-pamby tales and pictures of good children who were invariably rewarded, and little sinners who came to grief. The monotony and prosiness of all the books he saw struck him so forcibly, that he bought a book of blank pages, and took it home to his wife, announcing his intention of filling it himself; and so we have the famous *Struwwelpeter*. That Herr Hoffman was no artist, matters little; the pictures and stories are genuine good fun. The morals, too, are essentially nursery ones. Johnny Head-in-Air, Fidgety Phil, Shockheaded Peter, and Augustus who 'quarrelled' with his soup, illustrate and satirise faults to which children are really prone, and which they need to be laughed out of. Then, what could be more purely comical than the reversed positions of the greencoat man and the hare, when she has stolen his gun and spectacles, and

Runs after him all day,
And hears him call out everywhere,
Help! Fire! Help! The hare—the hare!

Or more impressive than the little black silhouettes of the naughty boys whom Great Agrippa dipped in the ink because they jeered at the harmless blackamoor! Every page is certainly a mirror held up to child-nature, and that the reflection is a good-natured caricature does not take from its interest.

Among childish pleasures, perhaps the most enviable and, we fear, the most unattainable to us older folks, are those of the imagination. If Mr Ruskin's 'great law of noble imagination,' as he calls it, be indeed true, our case is all the harder. 'It does not create—it does not even adorn,' he tells us; 'it does but reveal the treasures to be possessed by the spirit.' The visionary world in which children pass so many happy hours is round us too, if we could only see it; but our eyes are holden by the cares of this world, perhaps. We listen to, wonder at, are amused by their glowing fancies; but are ignorant and unaware, except when they choose to interpret. Ruskin says of children: 'They are forced by nature to develop their powers of invention, as a bird its feathers of flight;' and we might add, the inventive faculty, like a bird, is apt, when fully grown, to fly away. Then, when their own imaginative resources begin to fail them, one observes children begin to

read books of adventure with avidity—at the age, say, of ten or twelve years. Before that, no Rover of the Andes or Erling the Bold can equal the heroic achievements they evolve from their inner consciousness. Who, for instance, could hope to 'put a patch' on the experiences of those two little boys who spent a snowy day during the Christmas holidays tiger-shooting in their father's dining-room; and as one, making his cautious way among the legs of the dinner-table, for the nonce a pathless jungle, was hailed by the other with, 'Any tigers there, Bill?' he answered gloriously: 'Tigers? I'm knee-deep in them!'

RICHARD CABLE,

THE LIGHTSHIPMAN.

CHAPTER XXVII.—IN THE 'ANCHOR.'

THE parlour of the *Anchor* had a cosy look. Although the time of year was summer, yet on the coast the evenings were at times sufficiently cool to make a fire acceptable. On this evening a small fire of wreck-timber was smouldering on the hearth, emitting its peculiar gunpowdery odour, and the glow gave geniality to the little room, as a smile to a plain face. The window was small, with red curtains to it; and before the supper was over, the curtains were drawn and a lamp lighted. Some lumps of coal were put on the fire, and bubbled and burst into puffs of flame.

Richard knew the room very well. He had often been in it, and had spent there many a pleasant hour. As he sat in it now, a sensation of relief came over him. He was once more among friends, among men of his own educational stamp, men he could understand, and who understood him; men who were not on the watch to find fault with him, who respected, and did not look down on him. Richard had always been a sober man; but he had been no teetotaler; he took a glass with his mates, and made the glass last a long time. He had never been a sociable man, but had always been kindly, ready to listen to yarns, and patiently hear puzzle-headed arguments, and laugh at jokes, and take interest in the affairs of his comrades. He was no talker, but a capital listener. When asked for his advice, he gave it modestly, and made no remarks if it were not followed. Should the talk take such a turn as offended him, he showed his disapproval by rising and leaving the room. On one occasion only had Richard occasion to speak out, and that was when his brother-in-law intercepted his exit. Then he said gravely: 'I cannot bear it, mates—because of the little uns at home. When I'm with you smoking, I take the smell of the 'baccy home with me in my jacket; but that don't hurt. But when I hear you talk this way, I'm feared lest the taint of it go home in my clothes to my innocent children. —No offence; I must go. There are six of 'em, and the youngest is a baby.'

Richard Cable, as all the men knew, was a long-suffering man, slow to take offence, and never giving it. That fellow must be uncommonly provoking who roused Dick to anger. He could bear much chaff, taking it good-humouredly,

and he did not resent, though he disliked, a practical joke. How his comrades would have marvelled had they been able on that evening to see into his breast, at the fuming, tossing fever that there worked, kindled, stirred up by a woman's tongue!

'I faith, Dick,' said Ephraim Marriage, the mate, when the steaming grog was brought on the table with the white clay pipes, 'I'm glad you've come. Jonas said we should see no more of you, now you'd gone away from us for ever; but I didn't think it; I knew you better.'

'Give us a paw, captain, over the table,' said a sailor, glowing with affection and animation at the sight of the spirits and hot water and sugar.

'Every wessel,' said Moses Harvey sententiously, 'is marked with the mark of the port to which she belongs; it is CH. for Colchester, and HD. for Hanford; and wherever she may go, into whatsoever seas, a-trawling, or a-drudging,* or a-coasting, she's known by her marks whence she comes and to what she belongs. Now, mates, our good friend Cable was built and launched here at Hanford; and though he may cruise away into oceans and seas and spheres to us unbeknown, yet wherever he spreads his sail, there it will be known he don't belong to no ports or harbours of them there foreign parts or spheres, but to us: he's marked HD. right over his bows, and got it writ in his inmost heart, in the log o' his good conscience.'

A rapping on the table, a clinking of spoons, a stamping of feet under the table, and a 'Hear! hear! hear! Right you are, Moses.'

'I've heard tell,' continued Harvey, stimulated by these tokens of approval, 'that in disturbed and warful times, wessels sail and traffic under foreign colours. But I don't care what colours our captain, Dick Cable, may hoist; we look to his letters, not his flag; and we recognise our old friend and mate by the HD. on his bows.'

Renewed applause.

Cable's heart was soothed by these tokens of welcome and affection and regard. These men said what they thought, and spoke out the feelings of their hearts. There was no humbug in them; they were honest and true throughout.

Perhaps Josephine was right when she said that Lady Brentwood had invited him to dinner only that she might laugh at him. Perhaps the Admiral, the Lord of the Admiralty, the Justices of Peace, the Baronet, would have been civil to him with their lips to his face, to make jest of his manners and mode of expressing himself behind his back. He did not understand the ways of that class of life, and Josephine did. She belonged to it.

Then Cable stood up and pulled off his frock-coat, and folded it up and put it aside on the cupboard. 'I can't bear to sit in it any more,' he said. 'It is like as if I were in a strait-waist-coat in an asylum. I'll sit with you, mates, in my shirt sleeves, as I've no jersey.'

'You put off the gentleman along with the coat when with us, eh, Dick?' asked Jonas Flinders.

'I never was, and never shall be, a gentleman.'

* 'Dredging' in the Essex fisherman's vernacular is 'drudging.'

said Richard with a little warmth. 'The making of one is not in me—what with my pockets and my handkerchief and my *Wees*. I'm a plain man, always was, and always will be.—They tried to put my hands into gloves,' he went on, waxing hotter—'kid gloves they were; and I busted 'em right down the back, as I've seen a taut sail go in a squall. They tried to get my feet into fashionable boots, and I was like a cat in walnut shells, or a Chinese lady, needing ladies'-maids to hold her up when she sets her foot to the ground.'

The men laughed. Richard, with shaking hand, refilled his glass. He was angry at the recollection of what he had undergone. He swallowed half the contents of his tumbler, and went on irritably: 'Whatever you do, mates, keep clear of polite society. It is like the Dol-drums, where you never know which way the tide is running and from what quarter the wind will catch you.'

'Not much chance for any of us to get into it, captain,' said one of the men; 'the luck don't come to every one to marry an heiress.'

'Leave my wife out of the game,' said Richard hastily; 'I'm not alluding to her in any way. I'm speaking of polite society in general, and them as have the misfortune to swim in it. I've seen this day a bullfinch that wasn't content to live outside a cage, and liked to hop about from one dry stick to another. There are folks that have been bred and grown up in social cages, and they are only happy inside of them. Give them a little red sand, and a few drops of water and some chickweed and a lump of white sugar, and they are content. They don't care for the green trees and the free wind, and the grass twinkling with morning dew. All that is barbarous to them.'

Richard had become loquacious. The fire burned in his heart, an angry resentment against the new world into which he had been introduced, and for which he was unsuited; and his heated feelings relieved themselves in words. His pride, which had been broken down, reared itself again.

'It must be uncommon irksome,' said Ephraim, 'having to wear a coat to your back all day, as if you were always agoing to church or chapel.'

'It is not only that—you are tied and encumbered in everything, Eph!' answered Cable. 'When David the shepherd boy wanted to fight Goliath, King Saul must needs clap on his head his helmet, and wrap his breastplate over his breast, and put greaves of brass on his legs. Then David could not get along a step, and he said: "I cannot wear them—I have not proved them." It is much the same with me. They're a-girding me and an arming of me, brass here, brass there, brass everywhere, and I am nigh on crushed with the weight.'

'It must be terribly inconvenient,' said one man, 'to have to wear a good cloth coat and waistcoat and trousers at meal-time, and instead of enjoying your wittles, to be a-thinking and a-pondering and a-considering all the time, lest a drop of gravy or a bit of butter should come on the cloth and spoil it. Heart alive! what it must be to have the mind a-travelling over one like an invisible cloth-brush cleaning off the crumbs and specks all the time one is eating!'

'I suppose,' said another man, 'you've got to be wonderfully choice what you say?'

'That's another of the waxing things in polite society,' answered Cable. 'Did you ever hear Tom Catchpool tell of the juggler he saw in India? He saw a native conjurer dance blind-fold among knives and razors stuck in the ground with the blades upmost, where a false step might have cost him his life. He danced for an hour and did not get a scratch. For why? Because he was brought up to it from a baby. It is just the same in polite society: there every blessed letter of the alphabet sticks on end, sharp as a razor, and I defy'—he beat his fist on the table—'I defy any man who has not been brought up to it to get along among them without getting gashed and spiked at every turn.'

'And,' threw in Moses Harvey, 'what they call the vowels is the wust.'

'I've been aboard a wessel all my life,' said Cable grimly, 'but I can't pronounce *We* right.'

'I suppose you live like a fighting-cock at the Hall?' observed Ephraim.

'There's enough there and to spare,' answered Cable. He emptied his glass. He flushed hot with the remembrance of the indignities he had undergone on account of his mode of eating. 'Polite society knows how to cook its food, but is mighty particular how you eat it.—But there, mates, we've had enough about polite society. I've seen at Orford or Aldborough or thereabouts—I can't at the moment mind exactly where it was—a tree growing that folks say was planted upside down, and the roots have grown into branches, and the boughs have been converted into roots. That is what polite society is—the honest world turned topsy-turvy. You have my last word on it. God save the Queen!'

'When shall you be going another cruise in the *Josephine*, captain?' asked Ephraim.

'I'll have Jim Cook to repaint the name of the yacht,' said Cable; 'she's not to be called the *Josephine* any more.'

'Change her name!'

'Ay, change her name. You see, mates, it's the name of my—my wife, and I don't care to have it in every man's mouth. Besides, we none of us speak it aright. There's properly no Joss in it at all.—But there; you need not try to give it right. The name shall be altered to-morrow.'

'What will you call her, Dick?'

'The *Bessie*—that shall be her name henceforth.'

Then up stood Hezekiah Marriage, captain of a small oyster smack, and said: 'Fill your tumblers, gentlemen. I rise on my legs—on my hind-legs, gentlemen'—

He was interrupted by Cable, who exclaimed roughly: 'We are none of us gentlemen, I least of all.—Call us mates.'

'Very well, Captain Dick,' said Marriage. 'I rise to my hind-legs, mates; I accept the correction with a grateful heart. We are not gentlemen; we don't belong to polite society; we are rough Skye terriers, every one of us. I rises!—He paused—he was not a fluent man. 'Gentlemen!—I axes pardon, I mean, mates—you have not all got your glasses brimming, and the toast I rises to propose is one that demands the—the flowing bowl.' He cleared his throat noisily and looked round. His face was moist, the strain of elocution was enormous. 'I rises on my'—

'All right, Captain Marriage; you've been a-rising on them hind-legs a score o' times; keep up on 'em, and don't come down again,' said Jonas Flinders.

'Allow me to get along as I can,' entreated the speaker, 'or I sha'n't get along at all. I propose the full and flowing bowl to be emptied to the health of Mrs Captain Cable, the real old and original Josephine.'

'I object!' shouted Richard, starting up and striking the table. 'I have said already that I will not allow my wife's name to be brought in. I refuse to permit the toast.'

'Having risen to my hind-legs to propose it,' said Marriage argumentatively, 'I can't a-draw it in again. Toasts ain't like snails' horns.'

'I will not have it drunk,' said Cable angrily. 'Do you want to offend me, and make me your enemy, Mr Marriage? You all?'

'No offence is meant; the contrary was intended,' argued Hezekiah. 'How can there be offence in proposing or in drinking the health of Mrs Cable?'

'I have said I will not permit my wife's name to be introduced here,' cried Richard. 'You have all heard me announce that.' He looked angrily round the table.

Was this the same Richard Cable whom all had known?—this irritable, touchy man? What had transformed his nature, once so placable? Only a drop of poison on a tongue-point introduced into his veins.

'Now, look here, mates,' said Marriage. 'The toast is out, and it's unconstitutional to haul it in again; but I'm a peaceable man, and I'll tell you how we'll compromise the difficulty—we'll drink the health of Mr Cable and all his belongings.'

Richard was in that chafed temper that takes umbrage at trifles; but he saw that he had acted unreasonably, and he raised no further protest. The toast was drunk, but with an abatement of enthusiasm. Then he stood up to reply, having first fortified himself for the effort with his glass. 'Mates,' he said, leaning over the table, resting on his knuckles, 'I'm nought as a speaker, as you all know. I thank you for the cordiality with which you have drunk my health. As I said afore, so say I now; I'm not a gentleman, and never will become one. Silk purses are not made out of sows' ears. I daresay you've all heard of Mahomet's coffin that hangs betwixt heaven and earth, held up by a lodestone. The coffin that contains the corpse is of iron. Well, mates, I'm not altogether like Mahomet, but I am in part. I'm lugged up by the feet; but my head and heart are down below, and the position is neither becoming nor comfortable. Moreover, in the place where my feet now are, in the elevated region of polite society, my feet are objected to because my boots have been greased against seawater, and they will take no polish, and are otherwise objectionable. I'd like to draw my feet down to my head, mates—but—I can't. I thank you all.' Then he emptied his glass and sat down.

'You'll excuse me for rising,' said Marriage, blowing with excitement and nervousness, 'because I have a duty to perform. I meant no offence before, and I rise now to make what amends for any mistake I may have made. I'm a poor hand at speechifying. It is like running

in a boat over the flats when the tide is setting outwards, and you feel beneath you the farther you go that the water is a-shallowing and a-shallowing, every pull that brings you nearer the shore. The toast, my mates, that I rise—that I rise to propose is one, I'm sure, you will all drink with the greatest cordiality and with three cheers. The toast, mates, I rises on—I mean I rises to propose, is to them dear little childer, seven in all, nestled as doves under Master Cable's spreading vine. I say, mates, though we be rough old water-dogs, that we've got tender hearts, and we respects and admires a lovely sight, such as them seven little innocents, beginning with Mary down to the baby, all brought up as they ought to be, in the fear of God, and in order and love and peace; and I do but express the feelings of all here present when I say—God bless the darlings all.'

Then the room rang with cheers; and Richard, with the tears rising into his eyes, leaned over the table and clasped the hand of Hezekiah Marriage and shook it again and again and again; but he said not one word; he did not thank him, for his heart was full and he could not speak.

(To be continued.)

WILD MEN AND WOLF-CHILDREN.

As a general rule, the line of demarcation between mankind and the lower creation is sufficiently sharp and well defined. Even those savage races who appear to us to stand on the lowest round of humanity exhibit several most essential points of difference from the brutes. Yet, though no large number of men has ever been found without some of the distinctive marks of humanity, we cannot say as much of individual human beings. Even when we ignore the exaggerated accounts of popular tradition, there still remain some well-authenticated cases of unfortunate beings who resembled the rest of mankind in nothing but their human form. They are mostly children who, through accident or neglect, have grown up without any human nurture or care, and who have adopted the habits of those animals with whom they have been compelled to associate. Under this head we may mention the case of the lad whom Gilbert White describes in his *Natural History of Selborne*. This delightful author tells us that in his village there used to be an idiot boy, who from a child showed a strong propensity to bees. They were his food, his amusement, his sole object. The winter he used to doze away, after the manner of that insect, in an almost torpid state by the fireside; but in the summer he was all alert, and in quest of his game in the fields and on sunny banks. Honey-bees, humble-bees, and other kinds he used to seize with his unprotected hands, without any apprehension from their stings, and at once disarm them of their weapons, and suck their bodies for the sake of their honey-bags. Sometimes he would fill his bosom between his shirt and his skin with these captives. As he ran about, he used to make a humming noise with his lips resembling the buzzing of bees. The lad was

lean and sallow, and of a cadaverous complexion; and, except in his favourite pursuit, in which he was wonderfully adroit, discovered no manner of understanding. When a tall youth, he was removed to a distant village, where he is said to have died before he arrived at manhood.

More to the point, however, is a case related by the German philanthropist, Count von der Recke, who, after the Prussian war of independence against Napoleon I., opened a Refuge near Düsseldorf for the many hundreds of miserable children whom the distress of the times had driven forth from their ruined homes into the fields and woods. One day a lad was brought to this Refuge who had been found crawling on all-fours among a herd of swine. His body was incased in a thick crust of dirt. Only a few rags remained of what had presumably been his clothes. His bleeding face bore witness to the stout resistance which he had offered to his captors. It appeared that he had formerly been employed as a swineherd by a farmer in one of the neighbouring villages. In the night, he had been shut up in the pigsty together with the objects of his care. As his master did not give him enough nourishment, he had indemnified himself by making one at the trough, and by sucking the teats of the sows. When his master's farm was destroyed by the French, he had fled with his pigs to the woods, and had lived there ever since. All this was discovered long afterwards, for the lad himself could only speak a few words: his only answer to the questions that were put to him was an inarticulate grunt like that of a pig. Great difficulty was experienced in keeping him away from the lettuce-beds; he used to crawl on to them and begin to graze like a four-footed animal. The lad had probably never been much better than an idiot. His head was small, his forehead low, his eyes bleared, and his jaws protruding. He never lost his fondness for pigs. To the last he loved to associate with them, and they seemed to understand him.

Another wild boy who was received into the same Home exhibited no small resemblance to a bird. His eyes moved about in their sockets like those of a bird; his face wore a bird-like expression. He could not utter any articulate sound; but he imitated the notes of the songsters of the woods with marvellous skill and correctness. It was supposed that he had spent the greater part of his life in the forest, where he had sustained nature by climbing the trees and sucking the eggs of birds.

A similar story is told by Procopius the historian. In his time, Italy was repeatedly laid waste by the incursions of the Ostrogoths. In one of the deserted villages a little child and some goats were left behind. One of the animals appeared to have established herself as the foster-mother of the child; for when the parents returned after some years, they were greatly surprised to find the boy still alive, though he had in the meantime contracted many of the peculiar habits of the goat. He was called *Ægisthus*, or 'Goat-child.' The historian adds that he himself saw the lad, and was therefore able to vouch for the authenticity of the story.

In the early traditions of most nations we meet with tales of animals suckling infants who have been exposed through the jealousy of some tyrant, and who afterwards become great kings or heroes. We need only remind our readers of Cyrus, the founder of the Persian empire, who was saved through the kindness of a female dog; and of Romulus and Remus, to whom it was believed that a she-wolf had given sustenance. In most of these stories the wolf plays a very prominent part. It is needless to add that they are all mere myths, and as such, unworthy of credence. But the same cannot be said of the possibility of a child growing up among wolves, which is suggested in them. The following facts—the substantial truth of which there is no reason to doubt, since they are related by the eminent Anglo-Indian Sir William Sleeman—would seem to prove that such a thing is not altogether so impossible as at first may appear.

In the wild glens through which the river Gumti rushes down into the Ganges, wolves are still common; and they frequently carry off children out of the towns and villages. The Hindus are withheld by superstition from killing these animals within the precincts of their own habitations; for they believe that a village in which even a drop of wolf's blood has been shed is doomed to destruction by fire and sword. The consequence is that, in spite of the rewards offered by the government for the heads of these animals, many victims are still year after year devoured by wolves in India. In the town of Sultanpore, Sir William was shown a boy who, in his habits and his general appearance, bore the most wonderful resemblance to a wolf. He had been found crawling on all-fours, in the company of a wolf and her three cubs which had come down to the river to drink. Since his capture he had made repeated attempts to escape. Cooked meat he rejected with gestures of loathing and abhorrence; but when he was offered raw meat, he devoured it with avidity. He would allow dogs to share his meal; but if approached by human beings at such a time, he would growl in a threatening manner. When he saw children, he would rush at them, bark like a fierce dog, and attempt to bite them. The lad was subsequently received into the house of Captain Nicholetts, of the First Oude Infantry Regiment. Under the kindly care of this gentleman he lost some of his ferocity, and was broken of his habit of biting. He also learned to eat cooked food, though he still continued to prefer raw meat. He was very fond of bones, which he would crunch like a dog. When food was given to him, he would run up to it on all-fours and devour it greedily, pulling it about and tearing it in a wolf-like fashion. His voracity was all but unappeasable. He would eat half a lamb at a meal, wash it down with a vast quantity of buttermilk, and then swallow some clay and small stones. Children of his own age he would have nothing to do with: his favourite playfellows were a small pariah dog and some jackals. These animals had to be shot, as they helped themselves too freely to the food which had been placed for the boy. Their death did not, however, seem to give him any concern. Clothes he could not endure, and he impatiently tore them off, even in the severest weather. A mattress stuffed with cotton was given him to sleep

on; but he tore it up, and swallowed the cotton with his bread. He never spoke a word till a few minutes before his death, which took place in his twelfth year, after a short illness. Just as he was about to breathe his last, some reminiscences of his early childhood seemed to come back to him. He put his hand to his head, said that it hurt him, asked for water, and then died.

Sir William describes seven other 'wolf-children,' the majority of whom he declares that he had seen with his own eyes. One of the most remarkable of these cases is that of a boy who in his third year was carried off by a wolf while his parents were at work in the fields, and who was recovered six years afterwards as he was going down to the river to drink with the old wolf and her young ones. A mole and a scar on his left arm led to his identification. When Sir William saw this boy, he had already been in some degree tamed. But he never learned to speak. He refused to wear clothes. He walked on all-fours, and preferred raw meat and carrion to any other kind of food. Frogs, which the village children caught and threw to him, he devoured with avidity. At night, he would often run off into the woods, and on such occasions his parents had great difficulty in recovering him.

It is curious how closely most of these Indian stories of 'wolf-children' agree in their general features, and even in some of their details. The manner in which the capture of these children is effected is, to say the least, suspicious; the constant recurrence of the wolf going to the river to drink gives that part of the story a somewhat mythical tinge. We cannot, of course, refuse to believe those facts which came under the personal observation of Sir William; but the earlier part of the narrative may possibly have taken some of its colouring from the exaggerative tendency of the Oriental imagination.

A glance at the kindred cases recorded by European writers reveals a striking resemblance to these Indian stories. In Wilhelm Dilich's *Hessian Chronicle*, purporting to be a truthful narrative of the events which happened during the author's lifetime, we are told that in the year 1341 some hunters found a boy among a pack of wolves. Dilich does not say whether he saw the child with his own eyes; but he describes him as walking on all-fours, shrinking at the approach of strangers, and crouching under tables and benches, and refusing all cooked food.

A Hanoverian writer of the seventeenth century relates that in 1661 two children were discovered in the company of bears in the forest near the Polish town of Grodno. One of them escaped together with the bears; but the other, who was a boy of about eight or nine years of age, was taken to Warsaw, and there presented to the king, John Casimir. The king for some time kept him about his court, had him christened, and then turned him over to Peter Opalinski, one of his chamberlains, who attempted to utilise him as a scullion in the royal kitchen. In a long Latin poem, written by some scholar attached to the Polish court, a complete history of the wretched lad is given from his first arrival at Warsaw till his final escape into the woods. Like all his companions in misfortune, he is represented as moving about on all-fours in a heavy, lumbering way. He would eat anything, but was particularly

partial to raw meat, ripe fruit, honey, and sugar. It was also remarked that when he walked erect, as he sometimes would do, his general resemblance to a bear became more striking than ever.

Among other more or less genuine cases of this kind we may mention the 'wild boy' who bellowed like an ox, and who some time ago created a great sensation at Bamberg in Germany; the girl who was captured at Chalons in 1731, and of whom it was said that she had been living in the river Marne like a fish; and the wretched creature in whom Lord Monboddo thought he had discovered a specimen of primitive man.

It cannot be fairly maintained that these and similar stories contribute much either one way or the other towards the solution of the great question at issue between anthropologists in regard to the origin of man, for none of the facts are sufficiently removed beyond the shadow of a doubt to afford ground for a scientific theory. In matters of this kind, even the most truthful and sagacious of men are prone to exaggeration and error; and for a great many of the facts we are dependent on witnesses whose accounts are by no means unimpeachable.

BLOOD-MONEY.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.

CHAP. IV.—ATONEMENT.

To be suddenly stricken to the earth when one feels firm of foot and sure of the way he is going, is a calamity which none would survive but for the merciful stupefaction that accompanies the blow. Edwards, assured of his wealth, full of cynical satisfaction at what he imagined proved that his objections to Corbet had been just, had spoken to him with the authority of a man who had been wronged and had the power to resent the wrong. Now, half-a-dozen words had brought him down from his high pedestal; and he felt like the guilty man who, having accepted trial by combat, finds himself prostrate with his antagonist's sword-point at his throat. It was by no force of will that he did not wince or tremble or remove his stolid gaze from the flushed face of the man to whom he had spoken so contemptuously. He was for the moment numbed in mind and body, and he stared at the speaker as if under the spell of some horrible fascination. At length he found voice, and although it sounded somewhat hollow, it was distinct. He did not attempt to deny his identity. 'I knew Wolton many years ago. We were friends—close friends; but you cannot be his brother. You are too young, and you do not bear his name.'

'And you are not generally known as Altcarr. You have forced this explanation from me; but I do not wish to worry you more than is unavoidable, although what you did years ago, and the manner in which you have treated me now, would excuse anything I could say. The thought of your daughter is your shield.'

'You are most kind; but I am not aware of any necessity for your consideration.'

'I will answer your questions first, and you can afterwards measure my forbearance by your own conscience.—Jack was the eldest of a numerous family, and I the youngest. After his death, my mother decided that to protect us from the shame attaching to the memory of it, our name should be changed to that which was hers before her marriage. I was too young at the time of poor Jack's misfortune to be told or to understand, if I had been told anything of the affair. My mother kept silence; and I grew up ignorant that my name had ever been other than Corbet, and ignorant that my brother had been executed for murder.'

'I do not see how all this affects me or my daughter,' commented Edwards mechanically, his position unchanged. He wanted to learn how much the man knew of the past, whilst he felt that the last hope of attaining peace of mind was being dragged away from him.

'Look at this, then, and read it if you can. If you cannot, I will do it for you; and when you have heard it, say if Jack Wolton's brother can marry your daughter.—Poor Lizzie, poor Lizzie! I do wish there were any way of sparing you.' The last words were spoken to himself, as he took from his pocket a faded sheet of notepaper and placed it on the table before Edwards. The latter looked down at it, but did not touch the paper.

'Can you read it?' continued Corbet. 'My mother only showed it to me when I came to London a few weeks ago, and told her that I was to marry the daughter of Richard Edwards of Sheffield without her father's consent. She tried first to dissuade me on the ground that it was wrong to oppose your will. Finding that argument failed, she told me the whole sad story, and gave me proofs, through one of your Leeds friends, that Richard Edwards was the name Ned Altcar assumed when he settled in Sheffield.—Read this letter, and then say whether I am to explain personally to your daughter why I cannot make her my wife; or you will accept the sacrifice I am prepared to make in allowing her to think me faithless, rather than that she should know her father's fortune was made out of the money he received for delivering up my brother—his friend—to the hangman?'

Edwards did not reply, and he tried to avoid the letter, which lay on the table before him in the full glare of the gas, for he fancied that he would see, not writing, but Jack Wolton's face! A kind of mesmeric attraction overcame his will, and he looked. The penmanship was well known to him; and whilst his eyes were riveted on the paper, he did not seem to read, but to hear his old friend's voice speaking the words.

The letter had been written in the condemned cell, and there was a manly resignation in the tone of its contents. First, there were expressions of regret for the shame and sorrow his fate would entail upon mother, brothers, and sisters; then the assurance that he was content—nay, glad that the end was so near. He had suffered so much torture of mind during the days and nights he was hiding from the police, that his arrest was a relief to him. Next came the words which stood out from the rest like letters of fire to the eyes of the man who was now looking at them:

'Don't blame poor Ned Altcar. He was in sore straits; and he did try hard to warn me of my danger, and I would not heed him. He was in a state of actual starvation, and the temptation of such a big sum as they offered for me was too much for him. Poor chap! I hope the money will bring him luck. I bear him no grudge; but rather think he has done me a service, for I could not have lived, haunted by the face of that dead man, scoundrel though he was.—Ned does not know that I saw him lurking behind a bush in the garden as the constables took me away; but I did, and understood who had brought them upon me. Leave him to think that I died in ignorance as to who earned the blood-money.'

Edwards was cold and hot by turns; but the words, 'I bear him no grudge—he has done me a service,' sounded like a loud pean of joy in his ears. He was forgiven—he was pitied, excused, and almost thanked! Jack had been glad to escape from the torments of remorse; and Jack had been right; for Ned Altcar had learned during the last twenty years that 'riches fineless are poor as winter' to one whose conscience is not clear. He would give the whole world to be back again in the poverty-stricken cottage; to have all the horrors of starvation to endure, and all the agony of seeing his mother perish for lack of the necessities which she required, if he could only feel that his hands had never touched blood-money!

The fiends had mocked him with riches, piled them upon him until he was surfeited; but his mother had not been saved; his sister had not been spared, and he had found no pleasure in anything. His touch withered everything that might have given him gladness, and only the cursed gold came dancing into his coffers, laughing and jeering at his misery.

But Jack had forgiven him, and in that thought he experienced the first thrill of joy he had known since the horrible night on which he betrayed his friend. And now, what was to be the next step? Was he to accept the sacrifice Jack's brother was willing to make on Lizzie's account, or was he to absolve Corbet from all blame by telling her the truth? It might be some atonement, but it was hard to make. He had believed that his secret was safe in the archives of the police, and he had hoped that she at anyrate might never know it. The question thrust itself upon him: 'In which way will she suffer least? Will she find least pain in the revelation of what I wanted to hide from her, and have so striven to hide, or in believing her lover false?'

He clutched at a straw in his despairing eagerness to keep his present place in her thoughts. There was a possibility that Corbet might be only taking advantage of this discovery in order to break off the engagement for some other reason. But the straw was instantly cast away, and he spoke gloomily: 'You say that your feelings towards me—towards Lizzie are unchanged?—that but for this letter, you would still have married her in spite of me?'

'Yes,' was the low and earnest answer. 'I have changed in no way towards her, and what I am willing to let her think of me, should satisfy you on that score.'

Edwards walked across the room: his tongue and lips were parched, and he could not speak.

He took a glass of water, and again confronted his visitor. 'Perhaps I can help you out of the difficulty,' he said hoarsely, 'and spare Lizzie the bitterness of thinking that you had jilted her.'

'It is impossible,' rejoined Corbet regretfully.

'You see that your brother forgave Ned Altcar, and thought he had done him a service.'

'That cannot matter to me: the knowledge that she is your daughter must part us. She herself would be the first to say so.'

'She need not know.' This was uttered questioningly; and the speaker's brows were knit as if with pain whilst he watched the effect upon the hearer.

'Enough. I cannot discuss this matter further. I leave you to decide for yourself whether she is to blame me for what I have done, or to learn to forgive me through your confession.—Good-night.'

He was going; but Edwards motioned him to stay, and presently found voice again. His words came slowly, as if each one gave a separate wrench at the man's heart. 'If you are honest in saying that there is only the one cause for your desertion of Lizzie, I can remove it.—She is not my daughter.'

'Not your daughter!' ejaculated Corbet, astounded, and for a moment experiencing a thrill of relief. But the feeling was only momentary. As he looked at Edwards, and noted the painful quiverings of his pallid features, he doubted the truth of the assertion, whilst he pitied the father who made this desperate move in order to secure his child's happiness.

'I see you doubt me,' Edwards proceeded, more calmly than he had last spoken, 'and I am not surprised. But if your mother has told you everything, she has told you about the cause of Jack's misfortune.'

'Yes; it was the falsehood of Percy Arnold to the woman Jack loved.'

'True; and that woman was the mother of Lizzie.—Sit down, and I will explain.'

Corbet obeyed, but Edwards remained standing. He seemed loth to begin the promised explanation, and once more moved gloomily from one end of the room to the other.

'I did not think it would ever become necessary to make this statement,' he said; 'but as I believe Jack would have wished me to make it if he could have been here, I submit. Ever since that night, I have attempted to do whatever it seemed to me he would have liked to have done. My first step was to find Lizzie Holroyd; and after a time I discovered her in Harrogate, in a state of poverty such as I had known. Her father had refused all help; and the Arnolds would do nothing but heap scorn upon her, as the cause of Percy Arnold's death. They were a callous lot, and had no pity for the poor girl whose life had been spoiled by their son. I saw to her comfort; and when she died, I had the infant Lizzie brought up as my own child. All this was done because Jack would have wished it; and in so doing, I hoped in some measure to atone for my—well, let me say it out—my treachery.' He clenched his lips and hands, staring before him into space. He was looking back, and all the scenes at which he only hinted in his words were passing before his mind's eye with agonising vividness.

Corbet listened in wondering silence, and with rapidly increasing faith in the truth of what he heard.

Edwards roused himself, and continued: 'I wanted the child to grow into a woman accomplished, talented, and beautiful. She has fulfilled these hopes; and more than that—she, believing in our relationship, has been fond of me, and compensated for the loss of my own children. She has been dutiful in every respect except in regard to you. I had vicious thoughts of raising her by my wealth to a position in which her success would humiliate the Arnolds, and make them regret the cruelty with which they had treated her mother. You spoiled that idea. But I desired most of all that she should be happy, and living in ignorance of the past, still regard me with affection. I prayed that this might be granted to me—that she would remember me kindly when I had gone away.'

Corbet was moved by something more than pity now. He felt sorry for the man whose life had been outwardly a brilliant success, and in reality a bitter failure in all that makes life precious. He had no longer the faintest doubt that Edwards had spoken the truth, and he responded with some emotion: 'I am glad you have made me your confidant, and Lizzie shall be happy if it is in my power to make her so. This will be the one secret I shall keep from her—that you are not her father, and that includes everything you wish to be buried in the past. But—neither she nor I will ever touch one farthing of your fortune.'

'So be it,' said Edwards, sitting down exhausted and satisfied.

People wondered at the hasty marriage at Riving Hall of the great heiress to the young engineer. They wondered still more when the newly united couple started immediately for South America, not on a mere honeymoon jaunt, but for a sojourn of several years. Of course the newspapers duly announced that George Corbet, C.E., had obtained an appointment of great importance in connection with various railway and canal projects. In their absence, the wonder was directed to the father of the bride. His conduct was so strange that people began to suspect that the lucky Edwards had taken to excess in liquor, or had lost his wits in some other way. It soon became known that he was losing money even faster than he had gained it, in rash speculations on the Stock Exchange, whilst he was giving away larger sums than ever to charities and hospitals. The final proof of his insanity was seen in the announcement of the sale of all his property in order to satisfy his creditors. The creditors were paid; and a sufficient surplus was left to give Edwards a small annuity and a cottage in which to end his days. There were not wanting sneers from those who had envied him in his days of triumph, and who declared that they had always said as he went up like a rocket, he would come down like the stick.

But Ned Altcar in his cottage was again at peace; and on the return of Lizzie and her husband with their two children, he welcomed them to his humble home with a smile full of such pleasure as the daughter had never seen

on his face before. Corbet kept his promise; and his wife never knew her supposed father's secret, or the way in which he had brought her lover back.

THE RECENTLY DISCOVERED TOMB-TEMPLES AT SIDON.

THE news has just reached us of the discovery of a very perfect and beautiful Greek tomb-temple near Sidon. The American missionary, the Rev. W. K. Eddy, is the happy finder of it; and from his account, it may very likely prove of value both artistically and archæologically. His observations were made hurriedly and under difficult circumstances, and it will be the fortune of others to be able thoroughly to explore and bring to light the treasures of this temple, but to Mr Eddy belongs the honour of having found it out. It lies about a mile from Sidon, towards the north-east of the town, and is reached by a shaft thirty feet square and from thirty-five to forty feet deep. Apparently at this depth, Mr Eddy and his excavating party came upon four doors, made in the perpendicular wall, and leading into four different chambers, the doors being opposite each other. They entered the south room first, and there found a chamber about fifteen feet square, cut out of the solid rock. In this, standing side by side, were two sarcophagi, one with a peaked lid and very plain, of black marble; the other, of immense size, and of the most beautiful white marble. This latter sarcophagus was eleven feet long, five feet wide, and twelve feet high, and was constructed of two solid pieces of marble. The top formed an arch, which was divided into two panels at the back and front. From the sides sprang four lions' heads. On each panel, with uplifted wings and facing towards each other, was an animal with the head of an eagle. On the front was a fallen warrior struggling to defend himself by a shield from two centaurs. The sides were also covered with figures of horses, human beings, a hyena, and other animals. At the back were birds with extended wings, but with men's heads—centaurs again; and a band of figures—evidently a hunting scene. Of course the tomb had been rifled, though not much damaged; and three skeletons and five long-nosed dogs' heads were all that was found in it.

In the eastern chamber were also two sarcophagi—a small, very simple one, and another larger and more ornamented. This chamber appeared to be a lovely little Greek temple, constructed of white marble, and described by Mr Eddy as 'translucent as alabaster.' The roof slants, and has tiles represented in carving upon it, 'strips of metal covering the joints, and pretty carved knobs where these strips crossed the ridge.' This temple appears to be full of carving, and, wonderful to relate, in perfect preservation. The body of the chamber has a 'porch of columns' all round it, and between these stand eighteen little statues of white marble, each about three feet high, looking as bright and fresh as if straight from the artist's studio. Upon the upper part of the sarcophagus is represented a funeral procession, the car with the body resting upon it,—some figures expressive of deep grief—and two riderless horses. Needless to say, this tomb also

has been robbed, the top right-hand corner of it having been broken open for that purpose.

The north chamber contains one plain sarcophagus.

In the west room are four sarcophagi, one of which appears to be very beautiful indeed. It is made of marble like the others, and covered over with sculptured figures coloured with paint, and many exquisite designs. In fact, it seems to be a perfect specimen of the highest Greek art.

Apparently, there are no inscriptions to tell us who built these tomb-temples, or whose bodies were here laid to rest amid such artistic surroundings. Judging from the money which must have been lavished upon them, they were the burying-places of persons of rank and wealth; though why one or two of the sarcophagi are so extremely plain it is difficult to say. We can only hope that the party gone, with Professors Porter and Fisher, from Beyrout to thoroughly inspect these tomb-temples with magnesian light will find a clue to their history. It cannot fail to be most interesting, and we are eagerly waiting for their report.

A LEGEND OF KUNAI.

MANY years ago, when I was in the army, my regiment was suddenly ordered to India. We were stationed in the Bengal Presidency. Shortly after our arrival in the country, when I was quite a 'griff,' I was sent with a detachment of men to a place called Fort Kunai, situated on the banks of the Ganges. At that time this was one of the most dreary stations I have ever been at. Everything about it reminded one of its past greatness, which contrasted painfully with its present desolation. It was built on a small hill, at a point where the river takes a sudden bend; and from our quarters, the Ganges could be seen wending its way for a considerable distance on each side.

At the time that I was stationed there, the only European inhabitants consisted of the colonel commanding, the *padré*, the doctor, and myself. Shortly after that, the colonel went on leave, and I took over command. Then the *padré* was ordered to another station, and his duties also devolved on me. Finally, the relief of the doctor was ordered; but as I was not skilled in medicine, another was to replace him. The doctor had two very nice spaniels that I had taken a great fancy to; and as he did not wish to take them away with him, he presented both of them to me shortly before he left. I must tell you that, in India, the man who usually looks after one's dogs is the *mahter*, or sweeper, a man of very low caste, or perhaps of no caste at all. These men often become absurdly fond of the animals under their charge; and Tajoo, the doctor's sweeper, was no exception to the general rule. The parting between him and Beauty and Bouncer was most affecting. Lest they should get away and follow him, I shut them up in the one remaining room of the old palace in which the rajahs formerly used to live. It was an odd-looking room in its way, and no one lived in it then. It was approached by a flight of well-worn stone steps, and was probably used in former times as a lookout tower. The

floor consisted of large flagstones; the walls were of solid masonry, about three feet thick; the roof was vaulted. There was at that time but one small window—the rest being walled up—and that looked on to the Ganges. A metal ring was fastened into one of the flagstones, and to this I tied the dogs.

The next day, Tajoo came to my room in a state of considerable excitement. He had brought a note—or *chitti*, as they call it in those parts—from the doctor for me, and had evidently noticed something on his arrival which exercised him greatly. In the intervals between his numerous salaams, he wrung his hands and jabbered away in a most incomprehensible manner. I occasionally detected the words *kutta* and *kutti* in his incoherent ramblings, so knew that he must be saying something about the dogs, that word being the Hindustani for dog. More than that I could not understand. In perplexity, I sent for my moonshee. After an animated dialogue between Tajoo and himself, the moonshee then told me the cause of Tajoo's grief. It was a long story, full of eastern hyperbole; but I shall endeavour to condense it as far as possible, adding, where necessary, facts that afterwards came to my knowledge.

It appears that in the days of the East India Company, some soldiers, while out shooting, were met by a party of villagers in the neighbourhood of Kunai. A quarrel ensued, which was followed by a fight, and a European was killed. The quarrel arose out of the Europeans having killed a peacock, which is a sacred bird in that part of India. The villagers took refuge in the fort. The Rajah of Kunai was called upon to give them up to justice; but he, secure in his fortress, bade the messengers return and tell their sahib to come and fetch them himself—if he could. Only one result could follow such a reply. The East India Company had long cast an envious eye on this strong and powerful fort. This was an opportunity not to be neglected. An army was sent to subdue the imperious Rajah, and his territory was proclaimed. The fort was soon besieged. Without adequate artillery, it seemed as if the besiegers would succumb to the effects of the climate long before the besieged were reduced by starvation.

For many weary months the siege went on. Kunai would never have been taken had there not been a traitor within its gates. The Rajah had a lieutenant, by name Muttri, in whom he placed the greatest confidence. Though Muttri feigned the utmost devotion for his lord, his heart was black with treachery, for he had dared to lift his eyes to the beautiful Ranee, and he loved her. Day and night he cherished his passion, and thought how he could make her his own. All the favours that he owed to the Rajah's generosity were forgotten. Love alone for the Ranee burned in his soul, absorbing every other passion. At last a plan suggested itself to Muttri's mind by which he thought he could gain his ends. Amongst the garrison were certain relatives of his own. He took them into his confidence, and the promise of a large reward made them his devoted tools. That night, when all were at rest except the sentries, a swift messenger left the fort for the English camp. He returned unperceived, and was admitted by

Muttri. The reply he brought was favourable. Muttri's black eyes gleamed with savage delight. Alas for the poor Rajah! There was no one to warn him of the diabolical scheme on foot.

A few nights afterwards, Muttri and his friends were all on guard at the principal entrance to the fort. While the Rajah was sleeping in fancied security, stealthy steps approached; the gates were silently opened; one by one the English soldiers crept in, and still the Rajah slept. Then came a sudden shout, followed by a heart-rending cry. One of the soldiers on guard at the palace, within the citadel, had seen the intruders, and gave the alarm at the same moment that he received his death-wound. Then, in that still night, followed the din of war and the clashing of arms, confusion and dismay. The victory was not a bloodless one, for the Rajah, at the head of a few staunch adherents, fought desperately, with all the courage of despair, while the Ranee, with her young child, was being lowered from the walls overhanging the river. She escaped by way of the Ganges. Shortly afterwards, her gallant lord fell mortally wounded.

In the morning, the English were masters of the fort. The heads of the villagers who had killed the European were hung over the gateway by which they had entered. War in those days was a much more savage game than it is now. Then Muttri claimed the fulfilment of his compact, which was, that his life and those of his friends should be spared; also, that he was to be left in command of the fort. The English were in such sore straits when they were offered these conditions, that they were only too glad to accept them; so they retired, and Muttri ruled in place of his master. But with him, power was only another name for tyranny. Having committed one crime, he tried to drown the reproaches of his conscience by still further excesses.

The Ranee in the meantime, hearing that the English had withdrawn, collected a great force and led it in person on Kunai. On her arrival, the gates were joyfully flung open by the garrison; the traitor Muttri was made a prisoner by his own servants. He was brought before the Ranee to receive the sentence that his perfidy deserved. Before she could utter a word, he flung himself at her feet and poured forth his tale of love with all the ardour of a pent-up passion suddenly broken loose. His story made his traitorous act appear doubly black. The Ranee heard him in severe silence; then a smile of bitter scorn curled her lips, and she briefly pronounced his doom. Muttri was a brave man; but even he shuddered to hear his fate. At a sign from the Ranee, he was removed. The Ranee had decreed that never from that moment was he to taste water or other liquid again.

He was taken to the room that I have described as being now the only one of the old palace left standing. There his terrible sufferings soon began. Chained to the ring in the flagstone that still remains, his chain was just long enough to admit of his dragging himself to the window to watch the Ganges flowing ceaselessly by. He could hear it rippling and gurgling as it passed, while his parched lips hungered for a few drops of the precious fluid. His sufferings were beyond all description; but the Ranee's heart softened not. Savoury-looking dishes were placed before him;

but they were only temptations to be resisted, for in the sauce of all was brine. As the end drew near, Muttri's ravings made the night seem hideous. His bloodshot eyes, swollen tongue, lacerated lips, and haggard features made him a spectacle awful to behold, as he crouched by the window and watched the waters of the Ganges flowing by, and shrieked out the single word *Pani, pani, pani!* (Water, water, water!) The word Traitor, traitor, traitor! seemed to come back in mockery as an echo. At last, one gloomy midnight, his fearful torments ended in death. None mourned his fate.

At dawn next day, the following legend was found, scrawled in letters of blood, on the wall of his prison:

Whatever sleepeth here again,
Shall ne'er a year its life retain.

The servants read the words, and trembled; the Ranees heard them with a shudder.

Muttri's head was severed from his body, and hung over the gateway that he had surrendered to the English. His body was flung into the Ganges for the alligators to devour.

Neither man nor beast was again allowed in the room in which he died; yet, at night, the servants would start from their sleep and huddle together in fear, declaring that they heard wailings and unearthly moans coming from that deserted chamber. The natives are a grossly superstitious race, and they fully believed in the potency of the writing on the wall to do them evil.

A few days after Muttri's death, the Ranees' only child escaped from its nurse, and wandering about the palace, came at last to this ill-fated room. With child-like curiosity it entered and began to play about on the floor. Tired at last of playing, it lay down on a mat and fell asleep. When the frightened nurse found him, the boy was dead. One hand was grasping the ring on the floor, and the other was held over his eyes, as if he was endeavouring to conceal some awful object from his sight. When the news of this death spread in the city, the superstitious populace repeated to each other in awestruck tones the prophecy that they had heard was written on the walls. The fulfilment in this case had followed quickly on the event. No man would henceforth dare to doubt it.

The Ranees and her followers once more fled from Kunai. The palace was allowed to crumble away in ruins until the English again took possession of the fort.

Such was the story that the moonshee related to me. It was easy to see, from his tone, that he fully believed it. The sweeper, he said, feared lest the evil *rackshus* (demon) who inhabited the room would come some day and steal away the lives of the two dogs. I tried to reason with both of them; but a people steeped in superstitious lore are deaf to all reason. 'Allah,' the sweeper said, 'had willed that it should be so. The ways of Allah were inscrutable.' He besought me to remove the dogs at once. At last, in order to get rid of him, I promised to do so. He left me full of forebodings that some evil awaited his pets.

Shortly before I left Kunai, one of the two dogs, Bouncer, went mad, and had to be de-

stroyed. I thought very little of this at the time, as the heat was very excessive, and dogs often went mad at that period of the year.

A short time after Bouncer's death, I was relieved by another detachment, and returned to the headquarters of my regiment, taking Beauty with me. Slowly the year went by; the hot weather gave place to the monsoons, which were heralded as usual by some heavy dust-storms—an extraordinary sight to those who see them for the first time. Then the monsoons yielded grudgingly to the winter—delightful months as long as they last. Once more the summer burst upon us, hotter and more shrivelling, if possible, than it had been the previous year. One special Sunday—I remember it well—the heat was almost suffocating. During the early morning church parade, several men had to 'fall out.' Yet the irritating movements of the punkah, as it passed backwards and forwards before my eyes, made me feel so giddy that I could hardly endure it. In the afternoon, I went for a ride. Beauty wanted to follow, as usual; it was so hot, however, that I would not take her out. It was a little after sunset when I returned. On the doorstep was Beauty, anxiously watching for us, she and the pony being great friends. She barked joyously, and ran across the compound to meet us. As I was to dine with some friends that evening, I entered my bungalow and began my toilet at once. A few minutes afterwards my sweeper rushed into my room in great consternation, and cried out: 'Sahib, sahib, the dog is dead!'

I ran out, and there she lay panting in the veranda. I dashed a bucketful of water over her; it did not revive her in any way. In a few moments she had breathed her last. A few minutes before, she seemed full of life; now, she was dead. Suddenly the prophecy in connection with the room at Kunai occurred to me. I sought my diary, and turned over the pages to the date on which the two dogs had been given to me. April—May—June. Yes, there it was, June 17th—a year that very day! Both dogs had died within the specified time.

I thought over this curious coincidence on my way to dinner, and was not a little disturbed at it. During dinner, I was rallied on my silence, and, by way of excuse, related to my host the legend of Kunai, and the strange fulfilment of the prophecy that very night. I had hardly concluded, when my *khidmutgar*, who was standing behind my chair, started forward and shouted: 'Sahib, sahib, *deko!*' ('Sir, sir, look!') His black face was almost blanched with fear, as he turned and fled from the room, his snow-white *puggaree*, which had tumbled off in his haste, streaming behind him.

I looked in the direction in which he had pointed. I, too, was startled. Outside, on the lawn, I saw through the glass door the full outline, clear and distinct, of the dog that I had just left dead at my bungalow. Unearthly, unreal, it appeared, as it stood rigid and motionless, the rays of the full moon falling upon its form. Its eyes, which glowed like coals of fire, seemed to look a mournful farewell at me. I rubbed my eyes and looked again. In that moment, the spectre had melted away in the dim shade. I could see nothing. Was I awake, or was I the victim of a dream, or

was this but a freak of vision? I looked at my host in blank amazement. He had seen nothing. I was about to explain, when—a yelp and a cry, and Beauty herself came bounding into the room *in propria persona*. No ghost this time, but solid flesh and blood. She had only had a fit, after all, and recovered shortly after I had left my bungalow. My sweeper had followed me with her, to show me that she was still alive.

We laughed heartily over the occurrence, and it was a long time before my 'Legend of Kunai' was forgotten in the regiment, for the story soon got wind. Beauty lived for many a year after that. When she did die, it was of a prosaic disease called old age.

THE MONTH:

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

WHAT is described as 'the severest and longest earthquake that has been felt in Japan for many years,' occurred in January last, and extended over a land area of more than twenty-seven thousand square miles. Happily, the disturbance did not reach the dimensions of a catastrophe, and although many buildings were injured, there seems to have been no loss of life. But the university authorities at Yokohama, with praiseworthy promptness, at once sent a native expert, Professor Sekiya, to report upon the occurrence, with a view to adding to a branch of knowledge which is more cultivated in earthquake-ridden Japan than in any other country of the world. The professor went about his task with that thoroughness peculiar to Japanese workers; and six weeks afterwards read a paper upon his researches before the Seismological Society. Most Japanese earthquakes have been attributed to the underground explosion of steam; but this is believed to have been due to a sudden faulting or dislocation of strata. The buildings in Yokohama were knocked about terribly, those which stood on soft artificially-made soil suffering far more damage than those built on solid ground. In Tokio, the shock was not so severe, and here many observations were made with regard to the nature of the earth-motion. Professor Sekiya's Report is a most valuable addition to the scanty literature of seismology.

The burning of the Opéra Comique at Paris, with its hundred unfortunate victims, partakes more of the nature of a crime than an accident. Within recent years, science and ingenuity have contrived all manner of methods for dealing with and preventing conflagrations. Curtains, hangings, and garments, those of ballet-dancers especially, can be made fireproof with the greatest ease and with little expense; woodwork can be coated with inflammable paint; canvas can be dressed with waterglass, and so protected from fire; and last of all, buildings can be rendered inflammable as a whole. But, in spite of all this acquired knowledge, things are allowed to remain as they did of old. The inventor has worked in vain, for the results of his labours are not adopted. In the case of the Opéra Comique, a very heavy responsibility rests upon the Fine Arts Department, under whose control the building was placed. Six years ago, and

often since, have they been warned of the risks to which this particular theatre was by its construction exposed; but they took no heed.

The beautiful optical instrument called the stereoscope, by which two pictures taken from slightly different standpoints are made to blend into one image, has hitherto been regarded merely as a pleasant manner of examining photographs, and, most unaccountably, it seems to have gone completely out of fashion. According to a French paper, it is made to fulfil a very useful office at the Bank of France, it being employed there for the detection of spurious bank-notes. For this purpose, a genuine note is placed side by side with the suspected one inside the instrument; and when the two images are superposed, the slightest difference between them becomes at once evident. It is said that a forged note which appears perfect to the unaided eye cannot bear this stereoscopic test.

A striking instance of the danger of neglecting sanitary laws in building construction has recently been exemplified at Paris, where three members of one family narrowly escaped death from poisoning by undiluted sewer gas. A broken drain-pipe allowed this gas to issue without hindrance into the sleeping apartment of this family, with the result that one morning they were found insensible in their beds. A search soon led to the discovery of the broken pipe. In this case, the effects were sudden and serious, and the leakage was discovered in time; but we know that there must be thousands of cases in which this sewer gas is working silently and with deadly effect, although its effects may be spread over years rather than hours. In our own cities and towns, these matters receive more attention than they did a few years back; but in Paris there is still much room for improvement.

The Report of the Registrar-General for the past year contains much upon which the modern dwellers in the metropolis may congratulate themselves. The death-rate, 19.90 per thousand inhabitants, is four and one-fifth less than that of either Paris or Berlin. In the year 1840, London had the same death-rate as that which Paris has to-day, so that it will be at once seen that there has been a distinct improvement. The chief factor in the welcome improvement is the great reduction in cases of death from zymotic diseases, such as scarlet fever, typhoid fever, and smallpox; and we may be almost certain that if the general public were as careful in their sanitary arrangements as they might be, and as some few are, such diseases would in time be entirely stamped out. It is a triumph for those who believe in the benefit of vaccination, and the reverse for those fanatical individuals who do their best to combat legislation in this direction, that in London, last year, there were only twenty-four deaths from smallpox. Let us remember that there are many now living, and who have hardly reached middle age, who can remember how common it was in our metropolitan streets to meet with persons who were horribly disfigured by this terrible scourge. It is now happily an exception, rather than the rule, to meet with such unfortunates.

Lord Mount Temple has recently called the attention of parliament to the regulations for the prevention of hydrophobia. He thinks, with many other persons, that the muzzling of dogs

is both injurious to the animals and inefficient for the purpose of preventing the spread of the disease; but his opinion is not borne out by a reference to statistics. Two years ago, 'rabies' rose to such an extent in the metropolis that one veterinary surgeon alone treated seventy-seven cases; and in the same year twenty-eight people died of hydrophobia in and about London. After the police regulations with regard to muzzling were put in force, the cases fell to an insignificant number; and we have a further proof that this method of dealing with the matter is an effective one, from the fact that in Berlin—where formerly hydrophobia prevailed to an alarming extent—its adoption has almost eradicated the disease. There is no reason to fancy that a properly constructed muzzle upon a dog's mouth is as disagreeable or more injurious than a respirator on that of a human being. But it is a curious feature of civilised life that many good people feel more for the sorrows of domestic animals than they do for those of their fellow-creatures.

The astronomical Conference which recently sat at Paris, at the invitation of the Academy of Science, has agreed upon a plan to be generally adopted for charting the heavens by means of photography. The President chosen was Admiral Mouchez, the Director of the Paris Observatory, who, by the way, has recently published an illustrated manual giving some very interesting particulars with regard to the astronomical photographs obtained at that establishment. The committee formed to consider the kind of instrument to be employed in this national work have decided upon apparatus identical with that which has been employed with such success by the Brothers Henry in Paris. The limit of the magnitude to be recorded on the photographic plates, each of which is to be in duplicate, is that known as the fourteenth. It is calculated that the exposure of each plate will be twenty minutes; but this will give very little indication of the time which will be required to carry the entire work to completion, for there are many nights when the light of the moon or the state of the weather will render photography impossible. Seven observatories, four of which are French, have already signified their intention of joining in this work; and there is little doubt that every observatory of note will ultimately take part in it.

Although Professor Tyndall has been obliged reluctantly to retire from the professorship which he has held and adorned for so many years at the Royal Institution, it is satisfactory to know that his services will not yet be lost to the public. It is stated that he now hopes to devote his time to original research; and those who are aware of the useful work that he has already done in this direction, will look forward to the benefits which will most surely accrue to science from the efforts of his busy brain.

In the United States, electric trams and railways are becoming common, for there are at present twenty-three towns in which this mode of locomotion has been adopted; and there are almost as many places where arrangements are being made for lines on the same plan.

The Turners' Company again offer prizes for the best specimens of hand-turning in wood, glass,

&c. In awarding the prizes, the following qualities of the work will be taken into consideration: (1) Symmetry of shape, utility, beauty of design, and general excellence of workmanship. (2) Copying of any object so that it shall resemble exactly the copy in shape and capacity, and so on. (3) The fitness of the design and the way of carrying it out for the purpose for which the article is designed. (4) Circular and oval turning. (5) Novelty in design or application of the lathe. (6) Carving and polishing, which, however, must be subsidiary to the actual turning of the work so decorated. Amateurs will be allowed to compete in a special class, and it is almost certain that professionals will find among them some adversaries who will be very difficult to beat.

From time to time during the last thirty years, it has been proposed that capital punishment should be supplanted by means of electricity. If we remember rightly, Dr W. B. Richardson performed some experiments in London about twenty years ago, showing that by means of a powerful current, sheep and other animals could be instantaneously and, as far as can be judged, painlessly killed. The Senate of Pennsylvania has lately passed a Bill providing for the infliction of death punishment by this means. There are several difficulties surrounding the subject, which any electrician will at once acknowledge, but these lie chiefly in trusting such a terrible power to unskilled hands. If death punishment be an actual necessity of civilised life—which many people doubt—it should most certainly be carried out in the most humane manner; and perhaps the electric power would be the best means of accomplishing this end. It is probable, too, that the mystery attached to it in vulgar minds might have a deterrent effect upon the criminal classes.

A new method of bookbinding has been introduced. This consists in the employment of sheet-metal for covers, in lieu of the millboard or card which ordinarily forms the foundation to which the leather or other material is attached. The metal employed is very thin, and can be bent and straightened again without damage. For school-books, hymn-books, &c., which are subjected to much wear and tear, this method of binding is said to be very useful and efficient.

A correspondent of an American paper—presumably a doctor—advises those who wish to gain flesh and strength to assimilate oil through the pores of the skin, instead of by the stomach. The patient is to take a warm bath, so as to thoroughly open the pores of his skin. He must then be rubbed dry with rough towels in a heated atmosphere, after which, any pure oil is rubbed into the skin. Cod-liver oil is said to be the best; but olive oil will do. By this means, it is said that an invalid will be able to assimilate ten times more oil than his weak stomach could possibly digest.

During the current summer, a class will meet at King's College for the purpose of a course of instruction in bacteriology. The object of this class is that those attending it may receive a practical knowledge of the more important micro-organisms which are now known to scientists, and for the purpose of studying the methods by which their presence may be detected. This class

will be under the care of Mr Cruikshank, who has recently returned from a visit to various continental laboratories, where prominence is given to this important branch of physical research.

The St Mungo Chemical Company of Glasgow has adopted a new method of making white-lead, by which the manufacture is robbed of its usual pernicious effects upon the health of the workmen employed. From first to last, the material is not handled, but is put through its various stages by automatic machinery. The Company also manufactures a special white pigment which is said to possess all the advantages of genuine white-lead, and to have actually better 'covering' power. It will mix well with other colours, and is not poisonous.

The applications of electricity to operative surgery are continually being added to, and perhaps one of the most important is represented by the electro-osteotome, recently invented by Dr M. J. Roberts of New York. This instrument enables the surgeon to perform what was before a very difficult and tedious operation with mathematical nicety and in very brief time. It consists of a small circular saw, which revolves at a great speed by the aid of an electric motor. Its purpose is to remove portions of bone, when that course is rendered necessary by disease or deformity. Such operations have before only been possible by very clumsy methods, which were more akin to carpentry than to surgery, for the operator employed a modification of the chisel and hammer. With the new instrument, such operations can be not only done in a far more scientific way, but with far less shock, and therefore less risk to the patient.

The manufacture of paper bottles is said to be becoming an important industry at Chicago, and the process adopted is that invented by Mr L. H. Thomas. These paper bottles, which can be made of all shapes and sizes, are cheaper than those made of glass or other material, although, from the published description of the process, this would hardly seem to be possible. A sheet of paper cemented on one side is rolled on a mandrel, after which the neck is fashioned, and a bottom of paper or wood inserted into the cylindrical vessel. An outer glazed-paper covering is next added; and the interior of the bottle is lined with a fluid composition, which speedily becomes hard, and resists alkalies, acids, spirits, and everything else. The bottles are unbreakable, and require no packing in transit. For various purposes, such as the carriage of ink, blacking, varnishes, and paints, these bottles will doubtless be found useful; but for wines, spirits, medicines, &c., glass, which has the advantages of transparency and great cleanliness, is likely to hold its own.

The disease among the silkworms which has latterly threatened to ruin the silk-trade of India, has hitherto defied every remedy which has been tried. A number of infected cocoons have now been sent to Paris for examination by M. Pasteur and his pupils, and it is to be hoped that they may be able to discover some method of successfully combating the disease.

The slag which results from making steel by the Thomas-Gilchrist process, and which was once regarded as a waste product of no value, was found, by experiments conducted in Germany a

few years ago, to possess valuable manurial qualities. It contains both iron and phosphorus, the latter in the form of phosphoric acid. The results obtained in Germany have been fully confirmed by more recent experiments in this country. It is found that when the slag is reduced to a fine powder and is used as a top-dressing, it has a very beneficial effect upon the crops grown on the soil so treated. As we have recently stated in these pages, the use of sulphate of iron alone has been of great advantage to certain crops; and it is thought that the presence of the same agent in this slag may have something to do with the recorded results of the use of that material.

A correspondent of the *Times* calls attention to the fact that the Red Sea, which forms the great highway to the East, is so badly lighted that wrecks are common upon its shores. He tells us on the authority of the best chart we have (Imray's) that captains of vessels have to exercise the greatest caution because 'the Gulf of Suez is but imperfectly surveyed. The currents are irregular. Owing to the prevalence of mirage, the eye cannot be relied upon in judging of distances; and for the same reason the character of the horizon is so deceptive, that the accuracy of solar observations is open to doubt.' At present, he tells us that there are not half-a-dozen lights visible in the 'fairway' from Aden to Suez. He looks upon the remedy for this state of things as being an international affair, and believes that if the underwriters of the various countries would take up the matter as a thing closely associated with their own interests, a general system of efficient lights could soon be established.

An ingenious method of ascertaining the 'flashing-point' of mineral oils has for some time been practised in America under the name of the Seybolt process. The oil to be tested is placed in a suitable vessel open at the top, contained in a water-bath. The water-bath is gradually raised in temperature, while a thermometer in the oil records the increase. Just above the surface of the oil, a pair of electrodes are adjusted, which are in connection with an induction coil, so that a stream of sparks is constantly passing from one to the other. At a certain heat, the oil will give off an inflammable vapour, which is ignited by the electrical sparks. The temperature recorded by the thermometer, when this occurs, marks the 'flashing-point' of the particular oil under trial. It is said, however, that this plan is open to error, and that a more accurate method would be desirable.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

THE MESSINA TUNNEL.

A PROPOSAL has been made by Signor Gabelli, an eminent Italian engineer, to construct a tunnel beneath the Strait of Messina from Italy to Sicily. The idea is not a new one, but its revival seems popular in certain circles in Sicily. The length of the work would be about eight miles and a half, and it would be carried at a depth of at least five hundred feet below the sea-level, and would occupy about five years or more in cutting. But the cost is a serious item, the engineer's estimate being three millions sterling! Care has been taken to procure reliable

surveys and careful soundings, and the sea-bottom is reported to be highly favourable for the construction of a submarine tunnel.

Another proposal has been made to connect this island with the mainland of Italy, and that is the construction of a bridge of over nine miles in length to cross the strait. The sea here is often agitated by sudden squalls, peculiarly dangerous, and often very destructive; so that, in all probability, if the scheme for connecting the two shores is ever carried out, it will be by a tunnel under the sea.

BRIQUETTES.

The utilisation of coal-dust—technically known as 'slack'—in the manufacture of briquettes has rapidly progressed of late, and the new form of fuel is now frequently met with, not alone for household purposes, but on the more extended scale of industrial undertakings. A briquette is simply an admixture of coal-dust with pitch, moulded under pressure and heat, the latter substance being introduced to form the cementing material. The size most generally adopted is about double that of the common building brick, weighs about ten pounds, and is sold at a cost of one penny each. For household and domestic purposes, the smouldering qualities of the briquette give it especial value; it will remain alight for seven or eight hours, and can at any moment be roused by the poker into a cheerful flame. The heat given out is equal to that obtained from coal; whilst the absence of all smell in burning, and the fact that briquettes do not deteriorate by keeping, form additional evidence in their favour.

The process adopted in the manufacture of briquettes may be briefly sketched. The coal-dust having been thoroughly cleaned by a stream of water from all particles of pyrites and shale, is well dried in a cylindrical tube, previous to mixture with lumps of pitch in a disintegrator, which thoroughly combines the two ingredients, prior to their delivery into a vertical 'pugmill'—a machine similar in design to, though differing somewhat in detail from, the well-known pugmill of the brickfield. Steam is now introduced into the pugmill, rendering the pitch viscid and adhesive; the mixture, thoroughly amalgamated, then passes into moulds cut in a rotary die. Powerful rams, exerting a pressure of twenty pounds per square inch, force the material into each mould as it passes in rotation beneath; the mechanism regulating the joint action of mould and ram being particularly ingenious and skilful. Nothing further remains but the delivery of each briquette after moulding on to a creeping band, where it is met and cooled by a current of air from a fan, and delivered into a wagon below.

It is stated that several foreign railways have already availed themselves of the advantages attending the use of briquettes, and in this direction unquestionably a large field presents itself. The manufacture of this comparatively new form of fuel is rapidly extending; and colliery owners, under the stress of hard times, gladly turn themselves to a waste product, long regarded as valueless; now rendered serviceable and profitable, and offering every prospect of extended development in the near future.

MAKING AN 'INLAND SEA.'

Sir F. de Lesseps has lately communicated to the Institution of Civil Engineers an interesting account of a curious work carried out in Tunis by Colonel Roudaire. This gentleman appears to have spent many years in Tunis levelling, boring, and making experiments of various kinds, and has come to the conclusion that four depressions, or 'shots,' as he terms them, which he names Tedjed, Djerid, Rharsa, and Melrir, and are situated seventy-seven feet six inches below the sea-level, could by means of a canal be readily formed into a large inland sea or lake, which would have the effect of influencing for good the climate and fertility of the surrounding country to a considerable degree. This lake is stated to be three thousand one hundred and sixty-four square miles in extent. In order to prepare for the vast expense which such an undertaking must involve, the colonel proposes to sink artesian wells, for the purpose of cultivating the country; and the rent paid for the water thus obtained might be applied, the whole or in part, towards the construction of the proposed canal. In 1855, the first well was sunk to the depth of two hundred and ninety-five feet, when water was found flowing at an average of seventeen hundred and sixty gallons per minute the first year, which has now increased to nineteen thousand eight hundred gallons per minute. Sir F. de Lesseps says: 'The banks of the river Melah, which fifteen months ago were deserts, are now populated; and very shortly the canal is to be commenced, so that the civilisation of the French African possessions must come from below; that is to say, must of necessity depend for water-supply on wells only.'

WAITING.

Once, in the twilight of an autumn day,
I stood upon a beaten path, that led
The shepherd lads to where their charges fed
In pastures high above the upland way:
Solemn, and lone, and still, the mountain lay;
And, like a dome above a temple spread,
The blue sky stretched its beauty overhead,
With not one floating cloud to preach decay.
Always—above the hush, through the soft light
Slow waning—the wide solitude was fraught
With mystic impulse from the silence caught—
Half intonations heralding the night—
That to my heart, awe-bound, conveyed a sense
Of calm expectancy and questionless suspense.

ALFRED WOOD.

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ENO'S "FRUIT SALT."

AT HOME, MY HOUSEHOLD GOD. ABROAD, MY VADE MECUM.



A GENERAL OFFICER, writing from Asoot on January 2, 1886, says:—"Blessings on your FRUIT SALT. I trust it is not profane to say so; but, in common parlance, I swear by it. There stands the cherished bottle on the chimney-piece of my sanctum—my little idol—at home, my household god; abroad, my vade mecum. Think not this is the rhapsody of a hypochondriac; no, it is only the outpouring of a grateful heart. The fact is, I am, in common, I dare say, with numerous old fellows of my age (67), now and then troubled with a troublesome liver; no sooner, however, do I use your cherry remedy than, salt pain, 'Richard is himself again.' So highly do I value your composition, that, when taking it, I grudge even the little sediment that will always remain at the bottom of the glass; I give, therefore, the following advice to those wise persons who have learnt to appreciate its inestimable benefits:

When ENO'S SALT betimes you take,
No waste of this Elixir make,

But drain the dregs, and lick the cup,
Of this the perfect Pick-me-up.

"HOW TO AVOID THE DEBILITATING EFFECTS OF TRAVELLING."—"I travel by rail between twenty and thirty thousand miles each year, and in my opinion there is no mode of travelling so debilitating to the human system as that. For a long time I suffered from nervousness, sluggish liver, indigestion, flatulence, and most of the ailments common to those who travel a great deal. After trying many and all more or less worthless remedies, I was induced to try your Fruit Salt, and since doing so (nine months ago) I may indeed say I am a new man, and now I never consider my portmanteau packed unless there is a bottle of ENO'S FRUIT SALT in it. I think it right to recommend it every way—hence this letter; for I am sure it needs but to be tried, and no traveller would think of being without so great a friend, in all cases of need. I inclose my card, and am faithfully yours,

The Trossachs Hotel, Loch Katrine, Callander, N.B., 27th June 1883.

Truth.

ENO'S "VEGETABLE MOTO."

A SIMPLE VEGETABLE EXTRACT, occasionally a Desirable Adjunct to ENO'S FRUIT SALT.

AS A LAXATIVE, STOMACHIC, BLOOD, BRAIN, NERVE, BILE, or LIVER TONIC, it will be found invaluable for creating and sustaining a natural action of the Stomach and Biliary Secretions. In a word, ENO'S "VEGETABLE MOTO" is mild, effective, and agreeable, and lasting, without force or strain in Indigestion, Biliousness, Sick-headache, Gout, Rheumatism, Female Ailments, Head-aches, Nervousness, Sleeplessness from Liver derangement, Flatulence, at the commencement of Coughs and Colds, Blood Poisons and their kindred evils, are prevented and cured by the use of the "VEGETABLE MOTO" and ENO'S FRUIT SALT.

A GOUTY, RHEUMATIC CONDITION OF THE BLOOD, PRODUCING LIVER DISTURBANCE, LIVER INDIGESTION, BILIARY DERANGEMENT, AND PERSISTING INDIGESTION.

"Mr ENO.—Dear Sir—I suffered severely for three months, consulted three eminent medical men, and had three changes of air without any good result; my liver and digestive organs felt as if they had ceased to act; my stomach was distended with flatulence (wind) so that every part of the body was afflicted. My head at night seemed to hear a hundred bells ringing. I was compelled to be propped up in bed. I got very little sleep, for the severe pain under my shoulders and on my left side produced a restlessness not easily described; in a word, prior to using your 'Vegetable Moto' my nervous system was out of order, rendering life a burden to myself and all near me; I felt there was a very short span between my life and the end of the chapter. Five weeks ago I tried your 'Vegetable Moto.' After three days I was able to take sufficient food to support nature, sleep gradually returned, and my health assumed its usual condition; I continued the 'Motos' five weeks. I can only express my gratitude by saying, make what use you like of this.—Yours, &c.,
London, 1886."

Truth.

Sold by all Chemists, price 1s. 1ld. By post, 1s. 3d.

PREPARED ONLY AT ENO'S FRUIT SALT WORKS, HATCHAM, LONDON, S.E.